

THE DAISY ORCHID SUPERSEDES SHY LITTLE MISS VIOLET

Mrs. Roosevelt
a Devotee Of
Fair Orchids.
So Are Other
Social Dames

Society Gives
the Mitten to
the Petite and
Smiles Up-
on the Mas-
sive. The
Latter Come
High, But
Washington
Belles Must
Have Them.

"MY LADY of the Violets" is only a fragrant dream-lady now and in her place has come the mysterious, mystical and altogether exquisite "Orchid Maid."

The advent of the "Orchid Maid," came with no fanfare of trumpets or flaunting of colors, but nevertheless, she is here, and according to the demands for her, and the preparations of the florists, she has come to stay with us a long time.

The modest violet crept out as sweetly and retiringly as it came in, and is, perhaps, happier nestling in native simplicity by some mossy stone, than reposing upon even so fair a place as My Lady's breast.

EVER since the violet found favor with the majority of persons as a charming corsage bouquet, there has been a mooted question as to whether there was any real beauty in the stiff, unyielding arrangement of the tiny flower which nature made to grow so free and gracefully among its own cool, tender leaves. Five hundred violets packed into a bouquet perhaps ten inches in diameter, surrounded by hard, stiff leaves, tied with purple ribbon and purple cord and tassels, and the stems finally wrapped in purple tinfoil, made a fragrant, expensive, but uncompromising gift from the lover to his heart's choice. The real grace and beauty of the delicate flower was lost and the odor from the crushed and bruised flowers was almost overpowering.

Fad Is Pronounced.

It may be for this reason and for the fact that the "airy, fairy, Lillian" girl is once more to occupy the center of the stage that a craze for orchids in all their spiritual beauty has struck the town. The fad is so pronounced that the Washington conservatories can no longer supply the demand, and large consignments of orchids are every day arriving from New York.

A year ago the special messenger carrying a small, square purple box was a common sight, but today, the same messenger carries a box a trifle longer, a trifle narrower, and a more delicate shade of lavender. Inside the cardboard repose, in sprightly greeting anywhere from two to six orchids, the cost of which would buy a bunch of violets as big as a Galneborough hat. The very smallest, cheapest orchid costs a dollar and from that they run up to as high as \$5 apiece.

The strollers up and down Washing-

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ton's "Little White Way" (as F street has come to be called), a short year ago, were not in style at all unless a corsage bouquet, varying in size from a boutonniere to a dinner-plate, was worn. But today, My Lady's beauty is enhanced by three or four lavender or strangely tinted mauve orchids springing gracefully from among her fur and laces. And to violate a boudoir secret, hidden in the billowy folds of the dainty lingerie is a slender, crystal tube, filled with water and into which the stems of the gorgeous flowers are thrust that the orchids may keep fresh, and alluring for many an hour.

Mrs. Roosevelt a Devotee.

Mrs. Roosevelt, the first lady of the land, has at last succumbed to the orchid craze and upon the night of the opening of the exhibition of contemporary American artists at the Corcoran Art Gallery, a month ago she looked unusually well in a handsome gown of pale lilac brocade, the upper part of the bodice being trimmed in lace, as was the lower part of her skirt. A cluster of orchids was fastened on the left side of her corsage, and

MRS. ROBERT I. FLEMING.

she wore a long lace scarf about her shoulders. Since that time Mrs. Roosevelt has

No Fun to Hunt Gold In Australia

JOSEPH NEUZIL, who left Denver for Australia in 1923, went on a prospecting tour through the dry, dusty deserts of West Australia last January and almost starved to death. He was without food and had scarcely any water for two weeks. The following extracts are taken from letters written by him to his attorneys, Tolles & Coburn, who he employed to look after his interests in the Colorado Savings Bank, which failed a month after he left and in which he had a deposit of \$100.

"I am still in golden, sandy, bristly, dusty, windblown, desert West Australia, where it hardly ever rains 100 miles away from the coast, where it showers nearly every day along the coast and where feverish St. Peter opens the floodgates over a coast of only 100 miles of coast territory. He never thinks of sprinkling the 1,500 miles of desert between Northam, Coolgardie, to within 100 miles of the east of South Australia. It's a wonder."

"All that country is rainless. Sometimes it does not rain in two or three years. Then the country gets a heavy sprinkle, lasting from a few seconds to a few hours. Sometimes it rains once a year in March and starts grass and flowers on the desert."

"It is all salt country, the soil and water being salty. The natives condense the salt water into sweet water and charge 24 (6 cents) to 28 (6 cents) a gallon. Sometimes there is a water famine when the salt water gives out. Water becomes dearer and dearer the farther one goes eastward from Coolgardie, as far as the South Australian territory, where they have artesian wells."

"They have been boring for artesian

water in many localities of West Australia, going down below 3,000 feet, but not a drop of sweet water could be found only along the coast within a breadth of 100 miles.

"The country eastward beyond Northam is a dreary waste—no grass, no flowers—just like a road. A part of this desert is mineral country, the soil being rocky and gravelly; in that there is gold. This goes on for a stretch of 200 to 300 miles away from the coast. Beyond the 300 miles the real desert begins—nothing but sand, spinifex, salt brush, and no water, only salt lakes.

"If one has camels and plenty of water it is all right, but to travel with horses or foot means certain death.

"An exploring party on camels went from Adelaide overland to go to Australia last year and drank its blood. The meat was too salty. It made me more thirsty.

"I have been ill for six weeks, as the result of my experience. I am very nervous. I have not felt like conversing nor laughing these six weeks. I am all out of sorts, but I hope I will get over it. I am doing nothing. I am taking it easy. I have enough money to last three months, and I hope by that time I will be able to earn some money, dry blowing for gold.

"The times are hard. There are over 1,000 miners idle on the gold fields, some of whom are not honest and others desperate, and they would rob anybody to get hold of money or food to live on. Cases of garroting happen nightly on the gold fields. Even by daylight in lonely places. Even in the center of town, when none was about for a minute, a hotel till was taken away from behind the bar. The robbers were caught.

"I salute you and remain very truly your desert-wrecked friend."

"JOSEPH NEUZIL."

"Write to 'Poste Restante,' Perth, West Australia."

They can go over sixteen days without water in winter. My camels traveled sixteen days without water and food, for I ran short of it. I was two weeks on short rations. I had five gallons of water and about a gross of cabin biscuits to subsist on for two weeks.

"If the camels had given out I would have perished. I rode them each two hours at a time, changing them so they could have a rest. I reached civilization at last. I am man and beast again. Water and food again after a terrible experience of two weeks.

"I was racing all the way the last two weeks, and without water and food for two days. I killed one camel for food and drank its blood. The meat was too salty. It made me more thirsty.

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MISS MABEL D. ME.

MRS. LUIS F. COREA,
Wife of Nicaraguan Minister.

a year ago that a magnificent collection of orchids was presented to Mrs. Longworth by an army officer in the Philippines, and became part of the White House collection.

When Mrs. Cleveland, assumed her place as mistress of the White House, she expressed surprise that her favorite flower, the orchid, was so sparingly represented in the conservatories, and immediately set about providing a large and varied collection of the fragrant and often grotesque flower. This collection was the nucleus of the splendid specimens and varieties now at the executive hothouses. Mrs. Cleveland had a passion for orchids and knew their peculiarities and habits well.

The conservatories at that time adjoined the Executive Mansion, and many happy hours she spent there in the care of the strange blossoms. She seldom wore any other flower as a corsage ornament. One section of the hothouse she claimed as entirely her own, and there her pet flowers bloomed in riotous profusion. The writer asked the head florist to what he attributed her success as an orchid grower, and the reply was, "Well, I don't know, unless it is, perhaps, that she is constantly singing to them."

And Mrs. McKinley, Too.

Mrs. McKinley, too, was devoted to orchids, and during many long tire-some receptions, as she sat in her chair beside the President, a bunch of orchids, as delicate as her own sweet self, were clasped in both hands, conveying a gentle hint that a bend of the head would be her only greeting, as the shaking of hands with hundreds

of persons would have been too overpowering for the semi-invalid.

Among Washington belles who have lately affected the orchid is Madame Corea, the wife of Don Luis Corea, the minister from Nicaragua. She is rarely seen unless wearing a cluster of the strange flowers, and usually lavender ones that set off well her exquisite coloring.

Senor Corea knew of Miss Fleming's fondness for the flowers, and they played an important part in the wooing. When Madame Corea pays her first visit to her husband's country she will have an opportunity to see the orchids growing in the woods of their native clime, for many very fine and rare specimens of the plant are found in Nicaragua.

The Misses Nannie and Mabel Hume are two more Washington society women who are seldom seen without orchids, and Miss Laura Wells is another girl devoted to the quaint flower.

Welcome Banner Fools Lord Grey

EARL GREY, the governor general of Canada, recently made a brief tour through the provinces and was, of course, tendered receptions all along the line. One of the far Northwestern towns had only a few hours' notice of his acceptance and had to make swift preparations for the event. A procession was organized which was to pass up the principal street of the town and return down the same street, that being, in fact, the only thoroughfare available for such a demonstration.

A large banner was designed to hang across the entire width of the street and to be emblazoned on each side with the greeting:

A Thousand Welcomes to Earl Grey.

The work was rushed through and delivered to the hanging committee with barely enough time left to place the banner in position. When they attempted to do this, however, they found that the artist, in his excitement, had not turned the banner over properly and there was no way in which they could hang it so that on one side or the other the greeting would not read thus:

A Thousand Welcomes to Earl Grey.

Teacher Not Wise; Pupils Have Sport

It was visiting day at the kindergarten, and the young teacher was proud of her little pupils as they went through their drills and exercises, and beamed with pleasure at the appreciation shown by the visitors, who applauded generously. Then came the lesson, and the teacher announced the subject.

"Children," she said, "today we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has the cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly conscious of rectitude.

"Yes; and, Daisy, what else has the cat?"

"Claws and tail," murmured Daisy, shyly.

Various other portions of feline anatomy were ascertained, says the Buffalo Express news, and finally the instructor turned to one of the latest acquisitions of the kindergarten and said sweetly:

"Now Mary, can you tell me whether the cat has fur or feathers?"

With scorn and contempt, mingled with a vast surprise, Mary said:

"Gee, teacher, ain't you never seen a cat?"

And the lesson came to an abrupt end.

Invents Bullets Made From Paper

A French officer has invented a new projectile for firearms, which is said to wound and kill as well as the usual bullets, but does not present the ravaging action of the present projectiles of repeating rifles. This new missile is not of metal, but of paper surrounded by a thin shell of aluminum.

According to the inventor, the paper bullet, fired at the same distance, under the same circumstances, and with the same precision as the ordinary bullet, produces a thoroughly smooth wound. The number of disabled soldiers will be no less if the projectile of the future were to be the paper bullet, but the number of the dead and fatally wounded would be considerably decreased, as the shot fired with a steel projectile tends to produce blood poisoning, while the paper bullet is said to only bring on a curable injury.

The inventor has sent his bullet for approval to all the governments belonging to the convention of Geneva, and the Austrian war office has ordered trials to be made of the invention.